

Heavyweight

Yeat

(Ah-woo, ah-woo, ah)
I hold my weight
Bitch ridin' in the Tonka, it's a heavyweight champion
Fuckin' on this bitch, she suckin' dick, she like a mannequin
Fuck your feelings, yeah, fuck your feelings
Hey, fuck your feelings, fuck your feelings up
Fuck your feelings up, fuck your feelings up
7.62 leave him-, 7.62 leave him cut
Ah, ah (Ah-woo)
Ah, ah (Ah-woo)
Ah, ah (Ah-woo)
Ah, ah (Ah-woo)

A lil' cut, a lil' cut in this
I push bands, I push buttons
We gon' chop him and split, chop in the fence
We gon' cuff it and kill, choppin' they bunyons
We don't give a fuck who it is, we'll come in they mad feels
I caught a lil' flood, ayy, I got my drugs in
Yeah, fuck what you say, I live on the bad end
Yeah, I came in with money, this shit would not end
Yeah, I'm gettin' that top, I'm gettin' that noggin
Yeah, I'm with that bad lil' bitch, I'm noddin' off
Hold up, bitch, I don't give no shits
Yeah, I won't plead the fifth (Shh, shh, shh)
Uh, we don't talk, we don't snitch
Uh, we don't cooperate with bitches

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